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"Such things are made at home," we answer flat—
The *original*—he did not get it yet!

Well, let us all such foreign subjects change;
Come now, and soar above your usual range;
To Bishop's-gate* we'll march, if you think fit;
Where many a bloated—loan-contracting sinner
Sits down to gorge himself, at annual dinner
Given in honour of his *idol*—Pitt!

See *Canning*—when the sparkling glasses ring
With health of *Berd'nand*, "*Spain's most lawful*
"king."[†]

How graciously he'll rise, and make a speech!
On *British generosity* descant—
About—"a *universal people*"—rant,
And on *official secrets wisely preach*!!!

* *Austria* (with our assistance (next he'll tell 'em)
"Must take the field—no matter what befell 'em.
And then convince them all beyond denial
That—"though she could not hope to win, 'twas
"right to make the trial."

The trial she has made, to her own cost,
And like *Sir Cranstoun's elfin dwarf*, may say
As *Walter Scott* hath written—in the *Lay*
Of the last *Minstrel*—"Lost—lost—lost!"

Well, gentle *Imps*, your modesty is great,
"We are not prophets, sir,"—you erst did state,
Then how the vengeance did you come to know
The evast of such things so long ago?

"Lord, sir, 'bout Europe many a grievous task
"You've given us, pray why do you not ask
"About *America* and its embargo?"

"There's many a pretty ambo-dexter story,
"Which we could mighty feastly lay before you,
"Respecting naval stores—and neutral cargoes.

Edentecullo, 7th June, 1809.

CALDERONE.

To be continued.

INSENSIBILITY.

ON BEING RALLIED FOR NOT GRIEVING AT
THE DEPARTURE OF A FEMALE FRIEND.

MY tenderest feelings! ah, where are they fled?
Those sweetest sensations, say, are they all dead,
Say, am I no more for a dear friend departed,
To weep, and to sigh, and to feel broken-hearted.
There once was a time I could sigh and could weep,
And thought that my grief was both cruel and deep,
The scenes all around me produced nought but pain,
Till my friend should return to these scenes back
again.

When the trees were all dripping with fine April
showers,
And the sun shone upon them, and spangled the
flowers,
I thought that my friend with new force could in-
spire

* To the London Tavern, we presume.

† Either the minister or the poet must be quizzing;
is not Charles the Fourth living?

My fancy to see all these charms, and admire.
Or when in full concert the birds sweetly sang,
Their songs were divine, yet they caused me a pang
Or in that fine season when active and gay,
Youth reap the ripe corn, or toss the new hay;
I thought if my friend a fair witness had been
"Twould add a new charm to the plentiful scene;
Or yet in those days when encircling the fire
Our wits, and the wits of our friends should conspire
The dull face of winter to cheer and adorn,
And forget that all nature is sad and forlorn;
'Then sad and forlorn in the circle I sat,
Because my fair friend was not near me to chat;
My hours were fill'd up with some joy or some sorrow
Still hoping or fearing the events of to-morrow;
But in kindness to age which has not but troubles
Those fanciful evils appear but light bubbles,
To prepare me for evils my passions are going;
No more are my joys or my sorrows o'erflowing.
If I wish for a friend I can patiently wait,
Till she chooses to come, whether early or late,
And when she departs I can scarce heave a sigh,
I kiss, and shake hands, and my eyes remain dry.
At first when I found that my feelings were gone,
The rapture they caused I could not but bemoan;
But now I'm resign'd to esteem as light bubbles
Both rapturous joys and fanciful troubles.
May the milder affections still reign in my breast,
Enjoying the present, and hoping the best;
Then if real affliction should visit my mind,
In calm resignation sweet peace may I find,
But oh! may I feel the griefs of a friend,
Or my late acquit'd coldness soon come to an end!

FLORA.

WRITTEN ON A LITTLE SUMMER-HOUSE,
CALLED THE SOLITAIRE.

AND didst thou not know 'twas my
favourite retreat,
When retiring from bustle and care,
In the stillness of Silence to take here
my seat,
'Midst the quiet of this Solitaire?

But 'tis lock'd, and an entrance I can-
not obtain,

And the thought that now thrills on
my ear
May be lost in the mazes of business
and gain,
Unimproved in this chaste Solitaire.

I remember the day I first enter'd this
room,

The lawn was new-shorn, soft and
fair,

And the treasures of summer diffus'd
a rich bloom,
Shedding fragrance *dans tout* Solitaire.

Then I thought of the days, when to
gladness and joy,
My heart alone panted sincere.